Eeter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.

Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector?*

King. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timberd.

Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors.*

Duman. More Calfe certaine.

Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.

Bero. This cannot be *Hector.*

Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

Braggart. The Armipotent Mars, *of Launces the almightie, gaue* Hector *a gift.*

Duma. A gift Nutmegg.

Bero. A Lemmon.

Long. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. Peace. The Armipotent Mars, *of Launces the almighty, Gaue* Hector *a gift, the heir of Illion,*
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,
From morne till night out of his Pauilion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill* raine thy tongue.

Long. I must rather giue it the raine: for it runnes against *Hector.*

Dum. I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.

Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
When he breathed he was a man:
But I will forward with my deuice; sweete royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.

Boyet

Boyet Loues her by the foote.

Dum. He may not by the yarde.

Brag. This Hector *far surmounted* Hannibal.

The partie is gone.

Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest *Troyan*, the poore wench is cast away: shee's quicke, the childe bragges in her bellie already: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates: Thou shalt die.

Clow. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hangd for *Pompey* that is dead by him.

Duma. Most rare *Pompey.*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey.*

Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey: Pompey* the hudge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bero. Pompey is mooued more Ates more Atees stir them or stir them on.

Duma. Hector will challenge him.

Bero. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in his belly then will suppe a Flea.

Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge thee.

Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man; Ile slash, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me borrow my Armes againe.

Duma. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt.

Duma. Most resolute *Pompey.*

Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower. Do you not see, *Pompey* is vncasing for the Combat: What meane you? you will loose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shyrt. (lenge.

Duma. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chal-

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will.